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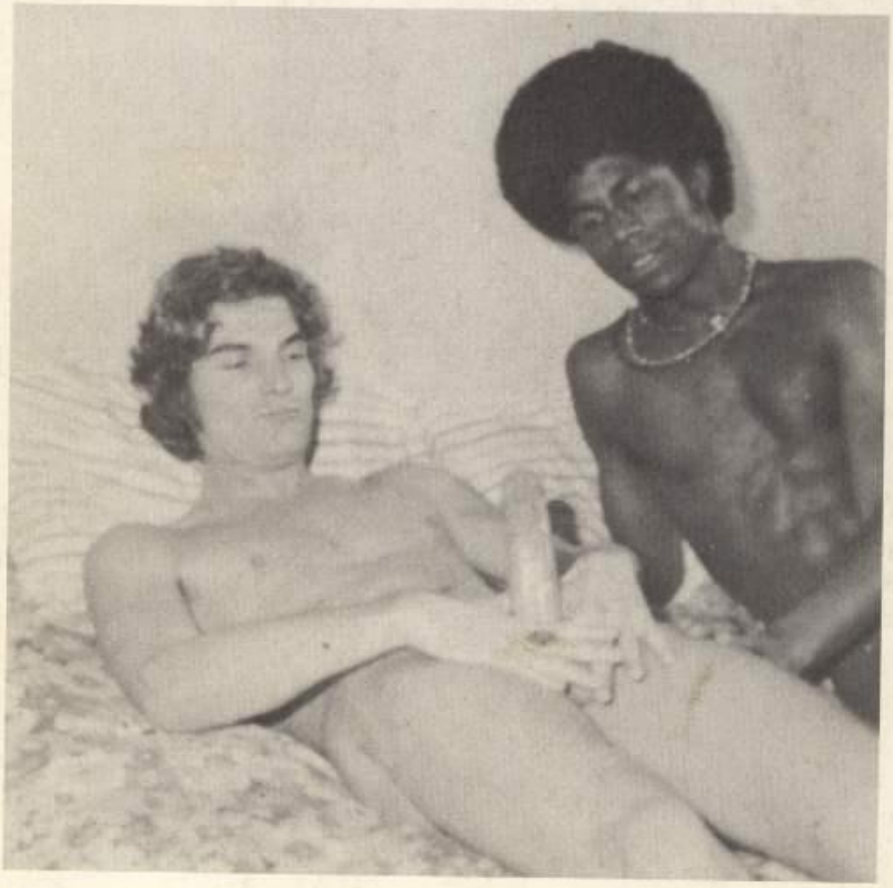


The Good Neighbor Policy

Dick finished moving into his little house after midnight and had nothing unpacked except his bed. His blankets were buried somewhere, and the alarm clock was nowhere to be found. Fortunately it was a warm night and he could do without the blankets. But he wanted to get an early start in the morning and knew he would not wake up, at least of his own accord, until noon. This problem he settled by putting a milk bottle, which he found in the kitchen, on the porch with a note in it: "Milkman, please wake me up. The door is open. I am a heavy sleeper. Thanks."

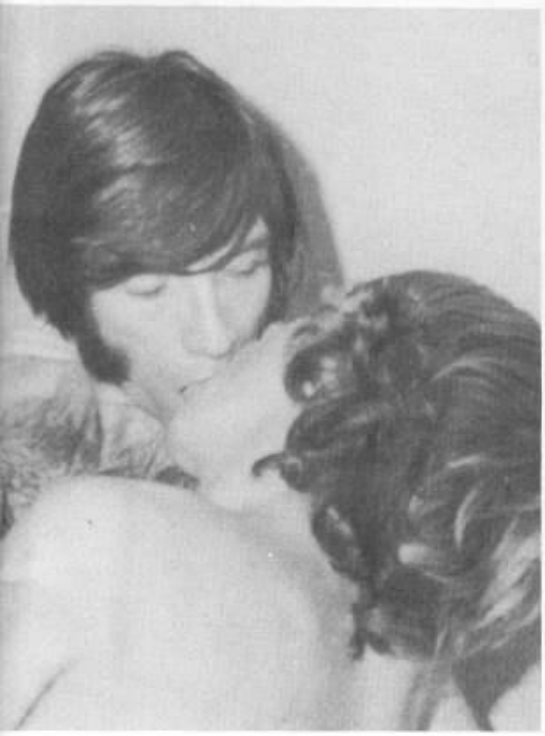
The milkman found the note the next morning when he made his rounds. He could see the bottle and note on the back porch as he drove by in the alley, which in this case was no more than a lane which cut behind Dick's house. It was separated from his neighbor's house by a sharp curve in the street in front, and out back by croppings of rock on either side. It was a cool, crisp morning, with the sun just beginning to shed some light over the tall trees in back of the cottage. The milkman, Bill, was feeling fresh and particularly vigorous this morning, a part of which came from beginning a new week

after having relaxed over the weekend, since he played much more than he worked. Bill was a football player, reduced to driving a milk truck in the summer because of a trick knee. He had on a clean, white, starched uniform which also contributed to his feeling of well-being and vitality. It was of light twill, and it efficiently covered his firm, muscular body very much like a glove. And as for his underwear, he wore none – thus not hindering the exposition of the fine, well-chiseled lines of his chest, the full and rounded buttocks, and the meaty thighs.

He parked the truck in the alley, shut off the motor, and walked up the flagstone path through the garden to the back door. He read the note, smiled, opened the door, and walked in. Pieces of furniture crowded the house, and everywhere were stacked boxes and barrels. There was only one floor in the bungalow and he found the bedroom easily, and paused in the open doorway to knock. The bed was in the middle of the room, with Dick sprawled on his back, arms and legs outstretched, and with a sheet lying over the lower half of his body. He was snoring gently, and on his face was a gentle, yet impish smile. Bill paused to admire, as Dick was really rather handsome. He had a well-shaped head, covered with short blond hair, which was now of course a little rumpled. His eyebrows were dark, his shoulders wide, and he was possessed of a broad, deep chest. His arms and legs, sprawled out of the cover of the sheet, were muscular and well developed, with a fine covering of golden hair. He had one of those superlative bronze tans which only true blonds can get. Bill observed all this with interest, and then with a very quickening heartbeat he also noticed that Dick was well on the way to having a full hard-on. He moved slowly into the room, stood by the bed, and then his heart pounded so deeply that he began to feel short of breath. For now he could see that Dick's cock was not only hard, but also of a size that was one of the most enormous he had ever seen. It lay on his belly, and the lines on the sheet revealed that it was very long, but not too thick, and beautifully proportioned, as Dick seemed to be all over.

Bill looked at the note again. It said, "I'm a heavy sleeper." Bill didn't think twice; he tiptoed from the room. Out in the parlor, he quickly stripped off all his clothes, which didn't take long. He himself now had a hard-on, and he walked back into the bedroom. There was a cushion on a chair, which he placed on the floor by the bed. Then he knelt on it, and very slowly and with great deliberation began pulling back the sheet. His heart was thudding almost painfully when he uncovered the hard, sensual prick, growing from a nest of damp, golden hair. He dropped the sheet carefully over Dick's knees, and Dick had not stirred. Bill raised himself on one knee, and drew one finger very lightly up the length of Dick's prick. The sleeper quivered slightly, but did not waken. Bill did not hesitate now, but leaned over the sleeping figure and this time licked the long prick with his moist, warm tongue. He repeated this gesture time and again, each time a little more firmly – and finally ended by tickling the end of Dick's dong with the tip of his tongue. Dick was moaning and sighing now, and beginning to roll slightly in the bed, although he was still not awake. Bill progressed a little further now, and tickled Dick's fat, golden balls with his hot tongue, and this delicious, tormenting sensation was now finally bringing the fellow to consciousness. So Bill now tickled up to the end of the guy's prick, now hard as a rock, and suddenly enveloped the head in his mouth. Dick awoke with a gasp, propping himself on his elbows.

Not quite fully awake, he took in the picture in pieces, the dark curly head bent over his cock, sucking and tickling the throbbing tool, the muscular back and the hairy arm now resting on the bed,



the broad back and the tremendous shoulders. He shook his head to clear the cobwebs and grinned, suddenly saying, "Who the hell are you?" He saw a broad, grinning face upturned towards him with red lips, snub nose, thick, black eyebrows, laughing black eyes, and the whitest teeth he had ever seen. "I'm the milkman," grinned Bill, winking. And then he went back to the dick he found so irresistible. Dick gasped again and then laughed, and said, "Well, give me a pint of cream, dammit!"

Without stopping his eager work, Bill raised his ass and his knees onto the bed, and twisting them around using his mouth on Dick's prong as a fulcrum, he stopped upon reaching the point where his anus and testicles were poised above Dick's face. And having been poised on his hands and knees, dog fashion, he now uprighted himself onto his knees only, took Dick's thighs in his big hands, and with no effort, although Dick was 175 pounds of solid muscle, pulled him down on the bed. He looked between his legs, off to the side of the dipping balls and pecker, which arched over Dick's head, and finding the fellow's grinning mouth, he plunged his own hard cock into the latter's mouth. His prick was a good eight inches long and very thick, and it rammed into Dick's warm cavity with something of a vengeance. Then Bill lowered himself again on his elbows and took as much of Dick's massive meat into his mouth as he could, and began sucking hard and rapidly, at the same time thrusting his own hot tool into Dick's welcoming mouth and throat. Dick, not even yet fully awake, could do no more than hold his hands on Bill's thrusting loins and keep himself from being choked. As for Bill, he had his marvelous body working in beautiful rhythm, and he both fucked Dick's mouth and sucked Dick's meat with practiced skill and youthful enthusiasm.

Although he usually had remarkable self control, he was too excited by the circumstances of his morning call and by Dick's male beauty to hold himself any longer, so he thrust once more his tool into Dick's busy mouth, and with a final two or three wrenches and a tremendous quiver gave the boy the pint of cream he had ordered. At the same time he never slackened the pace he had set in sucking Dick's beautiful penis, but increased his strokes so that Dick, just recovering from the load of hot come which Bill had popped into his mouth, suddenly felt a hot flame shooting through his belly, deep in his groin, and out of his prick, and he

jerked and quivered uncontrollably as he shot his wad into Bill's eager throat.

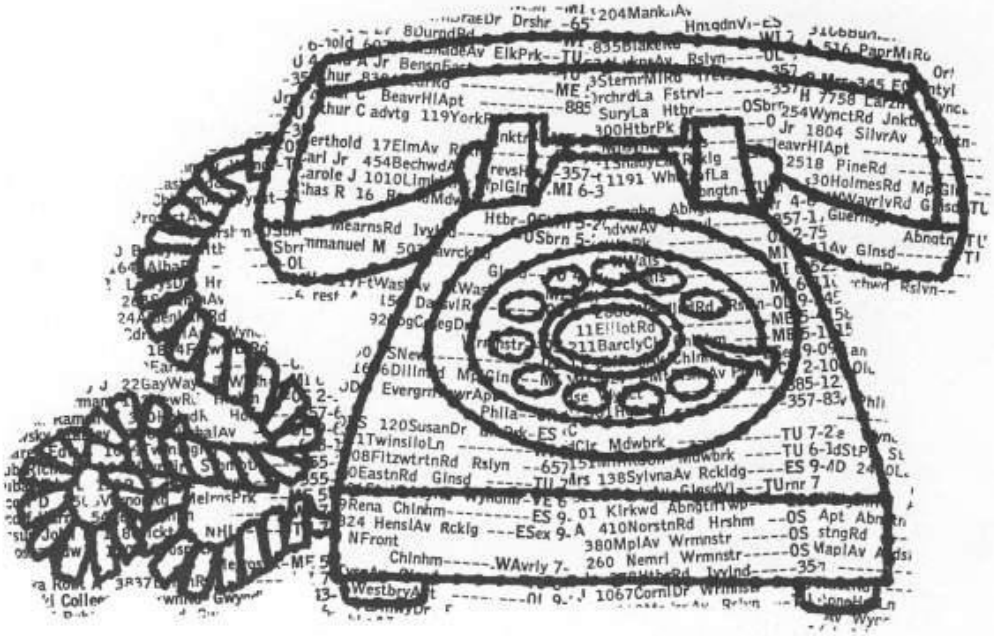
Exhausted by the suddenness and violence of their contact, they relaxed suddenly, and were content for a few minutes to hold each other's dwindling pricks, warm and comfortable, in each other's mouth silently. Then Bill disengaged himself, stood upright by the bed, and smiled. "I'm sorry to rush off, big boy," he said, "but I do have a route to finish. See you tomorrow morning for sure!" He then briefly saluted, walked into the other room, dressed quickly and left.

Dick heard the truck drive off as from a great distance. He was still sleepy and even more relaxed, and he luxuriated in the feeling of comfort which made him conscious of every particle of his body. He slept soundly and happily.

Dick was awakened several hours later by the ringing of the doorbell. The sun was streaming through the bedroom window and it was already warm. He grabbed a towel, wrapped it around his waist, and ran for the door. There stood a good-looking young guy, dressed in T-shirt and levis. He smiled as Dick opened the door, and said, "I'm here to connect your phone," and Dick allowed him to enter. The guy grinned and said, "Looks like I got you outa bed. Sorry." Dick replied, "It's a damn good thing you did. I've got a hell of a lot to do today." He led the way into the next room. "If you had let me sleep, I'd have gone on sawing wood for a couple more hours. I think the phone is in here. If you don't mind, I'll take a quick shower while you're busy." The guy grinned again and began to work, but Dick noticed a very nice bulge in the levis. Also, he noticed the fellow took a certain interest in the area covered by Dick's towel. Dick noticed that the young fellow had a hard, lithe body and was quite tall and muscular.

He took his shower then, standing under the steaming hot water for some interval, during which time he felt the zest of life seeping back into his muscles. The shower mechanism was a good one, with a strong, hard spray, and the water was plenty hot. It flowed over his body warming him completely, and the sting of the spray was exhilarating. He stretched his muscles, and thought of the telephone man who was tanned and hard and lean. He began to get a hard-on thinking of the guy, and then turned off the water, stepping out to dry himself.

He was buffing himself when the telephone fellow stepped into the doorway and leaned against the door arch. He noticed Dick's staff at half mast immediately and very frankly stared at it, smiling and roving his tongue over his lips. "All done?" Dick asked. "Not quite," said the fellow, "but I did want to take a leak if you don't mind." "Help yourself," said Dick, pointing to the john. The guy stepped in, feet wide apart, and pulled out his prick. He pissed into the bowl, but continued to watch Dick's wang, which under the steady gaze was getting harder. Dick finished drying himself, his body glowing with color and youth, and he in turn observed the other guy's meat. It was rather thick and fairly long, and under Dick's gaze it began to stiffen immediately. Dick glanced quickly at the fellow and with a wink



and a well-meaning smirk on his face walked into the bedroom. He went to the dresser, stooped over, and began rooting around through the bottom drawer. He heard the guy enter the room behind him, slowly approach, and then felt the hot prick pushing between his legs from the rear, straining that part of the privates between the anus and the testicles. Dick rather slowly half-turned his head around so the fellow could partly see his face, and with a half-wise, half-quizzical smile on his face, said, "If that's what you want I won't bother dressing. . . ." He then stood up and turned around. By now they were both grinning with anticipation.

Dick went over to the bed and lay on his back, the repairman stripping off his clothes in a moment. It took only a few seconds for him to lurch over to the bed and straddle Dick's body immediately. He leaned down and they locked in a fierce embrace. Dick's experience of the early morning hours had not robbed him of any vitality, and the telephone man was equally fresh. They kissed and embraced for awhile, their bodies rubbing together, squirming and twisting, in a mock struggle for supremacy. Dick pretended growing submission, spreading his legs and drawing them up, allowing the phone man to move up on his body, straddling his waist. Laughing, Dick reached up and tried to push the other guy backwards, but he stretched Dick's arms out and held them fast to the bed, leaning forward with his body with his hot cock approaching Dick's mouth. Dick seemed to struggle, grunting and laughing, but the ramrod forced its way into his mouth. The guy slid it in and out while Dick sucked and slobbered all over it, all the way up to the balls. The guy's hold on Dick relaxed, and finally let go entirely, and suddenly he applied spit from his mouth to Dick's asshole. When it was well lubricated he pulled the juicy hot dog from Dick's mouth and moved his body down. With his hands under Dick's knees, he lifted his butt in the air, arching Dick's back until his prick, which was actually about 8½ inches long, approached his own mouth. Dick slid further down on the bed, and placed a pillow under his head; then pulling his loins further up, he easily reached his own prick, holding the head of it in his own mouth and tickling it with his tongue.

The sight of this so excited his partner that he lost no time in thrusting his eager cock into Dick's upturned ass. At first his strokes were slow and easy. But the sight of Dick's tongue and lips playing with the head of his own long, hard prick so titillated him that he plunged with increasing energy. Dick loved the feel of that rock-hard dong plunging deep into his asshole, and by moving his head with short jerks he sucked himself hard, until he began to approach the climax. Then he said, "Fuck it hard, I can take all you've got!" The phone guy grinned and began driving harder and deeper and he thought to himself that he'd never screwed so clean and smooth an asshole. "So you like it, do you?" he asked, and thrust with continued pleasure so hard that each time on the down-swing his balls would strike against the rim of Dick's hole. Dick moaned in ecstasy, saying, "Baby, you can plug me anytime, if you always fuck me like this!" And then with a breathless and choked voice, "Give it to me now, big daddy, give me your load, 'cause I'm gonna shoot myself!" . . . Then the guy lowered Dick's body, and still thrusting, bent over until he could reach Dick's hot prod with his mouth. Hardly had he taken the head into his mouth when Dick kicked against his lover and the hot come rushed into his mouth. At the same time Dick gasped and rolled his ass wildly, quivering with delight, and this action successfully brought his body to a climax, and Dick could feel the hot juice unload in his canal. Then very slowly, the guy pulling his dwindling prick out of its warm cocoon, they flopped together on the bed.

Dick was the first to recover after awhile, and he slapped the other guy's sweaty, shapely butt and smiled. "You can take a shower if you like. I have to get to work." So the phone fellow took a shower, put on his clothes, finished connecting the telephone, and after writing down the number in a little book he carried, hollered goodbye and left. Dick, meanwhile, had put on an old pair of track shorts, and was unpacking and cleaning his new house. He whistled at the thought of his two experiences that morning, and wondered if anyone else would come to call.

Around noontime the doorbell rang. He had gotten the living room cleared and was trying to unroll the rug. When he got to the door he was disappointed to find only a kid. As soon as the boy saw him he said, "Hey, how about takin' the mornin' paper, mister?" Dick wanted the paper anyway, so he said, "Okay, but would you mind helping me just a second?" "What do you want?" asked the kid. "I have to unroll this rug; do you mind helping?" The kid grinned, "Sure, OK, I'll help." At closer sight Dick realized that the boy was about 15, and although not very tall, he was very muscular for his age. He was wearing an old pair of faded blue denims, and a white shirt with the sleeves torn off, open all the way down his chest, and the cleft between his pectorals was deep, his arms and shoulders very well developed. They rolled the rug out and got it pulled straight.

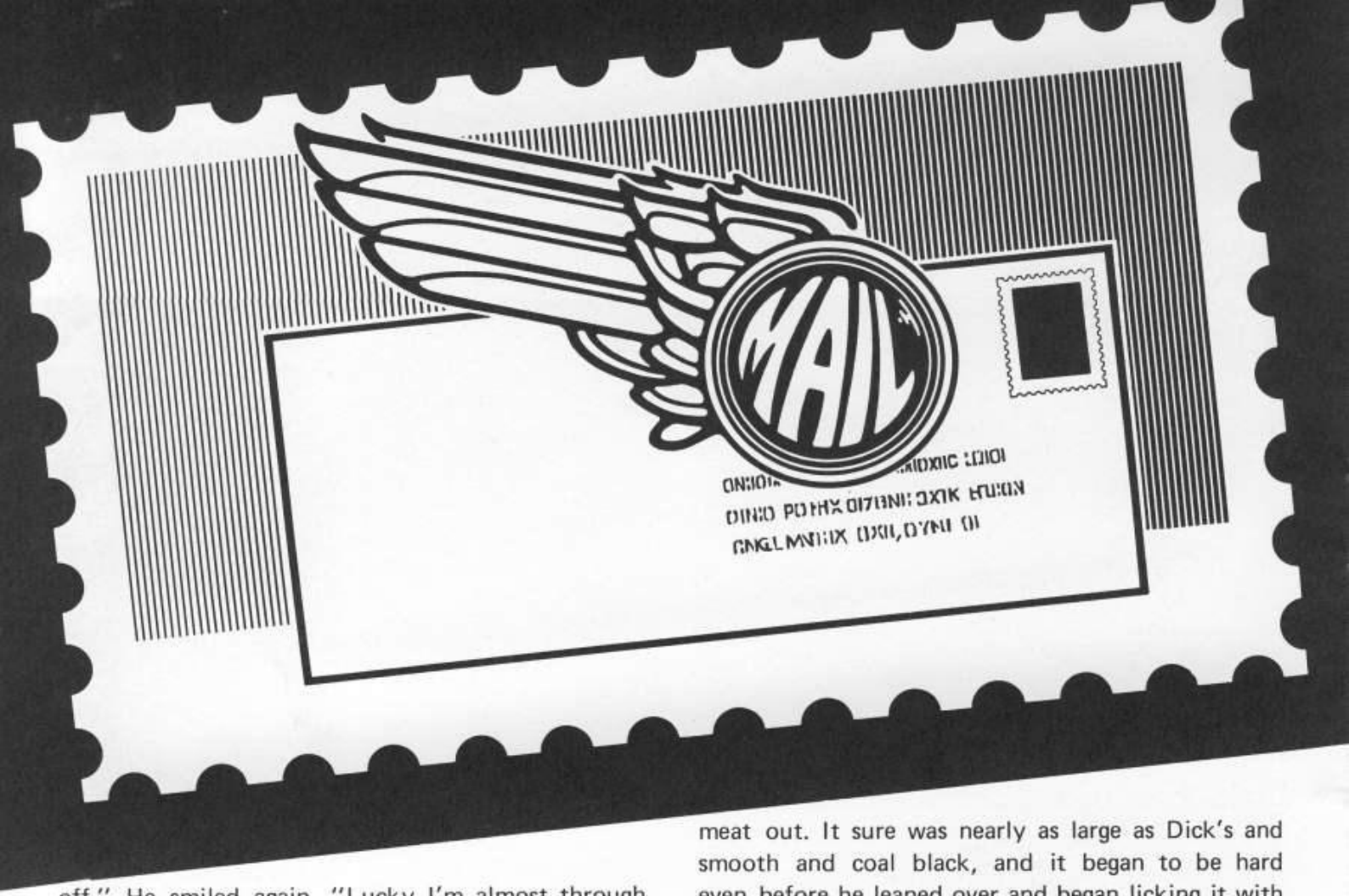
The kid flopped on the rug and pulled a paper and pencil from his pocket. "Give me your name and address, mister," he said. Dick gave it to him, standing casually in front of him. The kid was dark, looked Spanish, perhaps, with smooth, firm skin, very rosy cheeks, and black hair and eyes. The shorts Dick wore were brief, and the tip of his dick peeked out of one leg; the kid noticed it, and he looked Dick all over. "You sure got a nice build," he said. "Do you go to a gym?" Dick said he didn't, but worked out at home. The kid explained that he went to a gym regularly, and showed Dick the muscle in his arm, and told him to feel his back muscles. Dick did so, and found them quite hard and large. The kid talked about his exercises, and what he weighed and so forth, and then said, "Do you know Biff?" Dick said he didn't, and then the kid explained that Biff was one of the biggest guys in the gym, and helped him a lot with his exercises. He said, "He showed me a hold that no one can break. Want me to show you, too?" Dick smiled and agreed. The kid approached him and then quicker than Dick could understand what had happened, he tripped him up, had his thumb twisted, as well as a leg, and Dick was flat on his back and the kid was kneeling on his chest. The boy laughed impishly but good-naturedly, and said, "I bet you can't break it." Dick knew that he could have broken it easily, but he was interested in what the kid would do. He struggled weakly a little, to make it look good, and then admitted that he couldn't break the hold. The kid was grinning proudly, and settled his weight more comfortably and kept his hold.

"You know, there's another thing that Biff showed me." Dick seemed interested so the boy continued. "Ya know," he went on, "he got me down like this, and then he took his peter out and got it hard and made me suck it, and a bunch of the guys were standin' around laughing and watching it." Dick laughed as if he thought it were a great joke, but he began to feel excited, with the boy's warm body pressing so close to him. His prick began to stiffen . . . "I ought to make you do the same," said the kid. Dick was really taken aback by the sheer pugnacity of the little guy, but he laughed again anyway and said, "Hell, I bet you couldn't find that little peanut of yours." The kid grinned and said, "I'll betcha," and with his free hand he unbuttoned his pants and took out his pecker. It wasn't bad, Dick decided, and his mouth began watering for that morsel of young meat, but he kept joking about how small it was. The kid played with himself for a minute and got hard right away, and then he shifted his weight so that his hard cock came close to Dick's mouth. "Come on, suck it," he ordered, with an impish snicker. Dick just laughed, although he could hardly resist popping that hot little prick into what would do it the most good. And the kid laughingly and slowly forced it into Dick's mouth and finally Dick opened his well-practiced cavity and took the thing deep into his throat. Dick sucked it, and tongued it in a special way he had, and the kid gasped and just fucked him in the mouth as fast as he could; but he came almost instantly. Dick swallowed the hot white come and licked the penis thoroughly and quickly, and the boy let go of him and pulled away. Dick said, "Hell, can't you last any longer than that?" And the boy countered with, "Hey there, mister, you're too good. You musta had lots of practice!" . . . And just then a quizzical, comical look came into his face. Dick laughed, and then the kid noticed Dick's huge piece of meat hard as a rock straining in the tight shorts he was wearing. . .

"Jeez," he said, "what a beautiful pecker that must be!" and he turned himself fully around, squatting on Dick's body and quickly pulled the shorts down. Dick's hard cock flopped up onto his belly and grew even harder. The kid went to work immediately, and he too, in his own way, was fairly skillful. His touch was light, so light at times Dick couldn't tell what kind of sensation he was experiencing. He decided it was rather like butterflies sweeping their wings over the hot meat, and this was new and exciting and got him hot in a hurry. Dick raised his head to see what he was doing, but all he saw was the kid's spread-eagled little butt on Dick's chest, staring up at him. He slid his hand underneath the imp's crack and to his delight found that the boy's cock was hard again. Then he made the fellow raise up enough to kneel, and slid down under him until his mouth was under the juicy, thick dick. The kid got the idea and adjusted his position accordingly, meanwhile proceeding to run his fingers and fingernails over Dick's balls, pelvis, and thighs, and to run his tongue over the throbbing tool as fast as a hummingbird. He jabbed his own cock deep into Dick's throat. In spite of his earlier experiences, Dick found this new one just as exciting, and as he approached the climax, he motioned the kid to fuck faster, which the boy did; but Dick came first, and with that same glorious heated feeling pushing through his body, jerking all through his loins and belly and out his prick and into the kid's mouth. Dick grabbed the boy around his buttocks, pulling him tight to him, steady and tight — tongueing, tickling and teasing the little fellow's peter until the kid once more threw his load into Dick's hot, straining mouth.

Dick continued to hold the kid there, sucking the soft and limp cock and rimming the anus until the boy said, "Hey, buddy, save some for next time." Then he laughed and let the boy go. The kid got to his feet and zipped his pants, grinned, waved and left — just like that. Dick got up and followed him to the door. He saw him stop and say something to the mailman who was just coming up the walk. The mailman looked startled, stared at the house for a moment, then came up to the door.

Dick hastily buttoned his shorts and stepped out to the porch to get his mail. The mailman was a tall, solidly built Negro, the kind with no waist nor hips at all, broad shoulders and very black satin-smooth skin. He smiled to Dick as he approached and said, "Looks as if your mail is arriving already, and you're not moved in yet." Dick smiled back and they talked a bit about the weather, which was by now very warm. The mailman was perspiring about the face freely. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. Dick asked him if he wanted a cold drink and the man grinned and said that would be wonderful. Dick held the door open for him, and he entered and put down his bag, which was nearly empty, and flopped onto a chair. Dick got him a glass of cold beer, which he drank thirstily. "Boy, oh boy," he said. "It sure feels good to sit down a spell and cool



off." He smiled again. "Lucky I'm almost through or I couldn't have taken time to stop for awhile. Dick asked, "Do you know that kid who just left?" "Who, the paper boy?" the mailman countered. "Why sure, I see him around a lot, and we get real friendly like." "What did he say to you when he left?" asked Dick. The mailman showed a wide white smile and laughed. "Why, he just told me that there was a bigger man than me that lived here — and I can see that with my own eyes," he added, looking down at Dick's shorts, which clearly showed the outline of Dick's meat. Dick was a little startled and must have looked it, because the mailman said, "That kid, he knows a hell of a lot for one so young. First time I saw him was when I went into this filling station to take a leak, and he followed me into the room and stood there and watched me, and started talking about how big I was."

Dick looked at the mailman's crotch with interest now, and indeed saw a mighty bulge there. "Well, let's face it; he sure did know what he was talking about," said Dick. "What? Why, man, I can tell from here you got me beat, like the kid said," returned the mailman incredulously. The guy spread his legs a little, and Dick, deciding to go for broke, unzipped his pants and began pulling that piece of meat out. It sure was nearly as large as Dick's and smooth and coal black, and it began to be hard even before he leaned over and began licking it with his hot tongue. The mailman spread his legs further, and said, "Man alive, that feels good, it sure does . . . just like dipping it in butter." Dick began to really suck then, until he got it good and hard, and until it stood straight up in the air, as straight as he had ever seen a cock stand, as straight as an old Victorian lady's back. He quickly suggested, "You wait here a second, OK?" and went into the bedroom. When he came back he had a bottle of vaseline and he massaged the hard black organ with the grease. He dropped his shorts and applied a good portion to his asshole, and then straddled the guy in the chair. He lowered himself until he was sitting right over that flagpole, and then lowered himself slowly onto it, driving it up his hole deeper and deeper until he was sitting in the guy's lap. The mailman just threw back his arms, let his stomach muscles loosen, half closed his eyelids, tightened up his legs, and just let it all happen. As Dick raised and lowered himself onto the huge staff, the guy began rolling and jerking his loins rapidly.

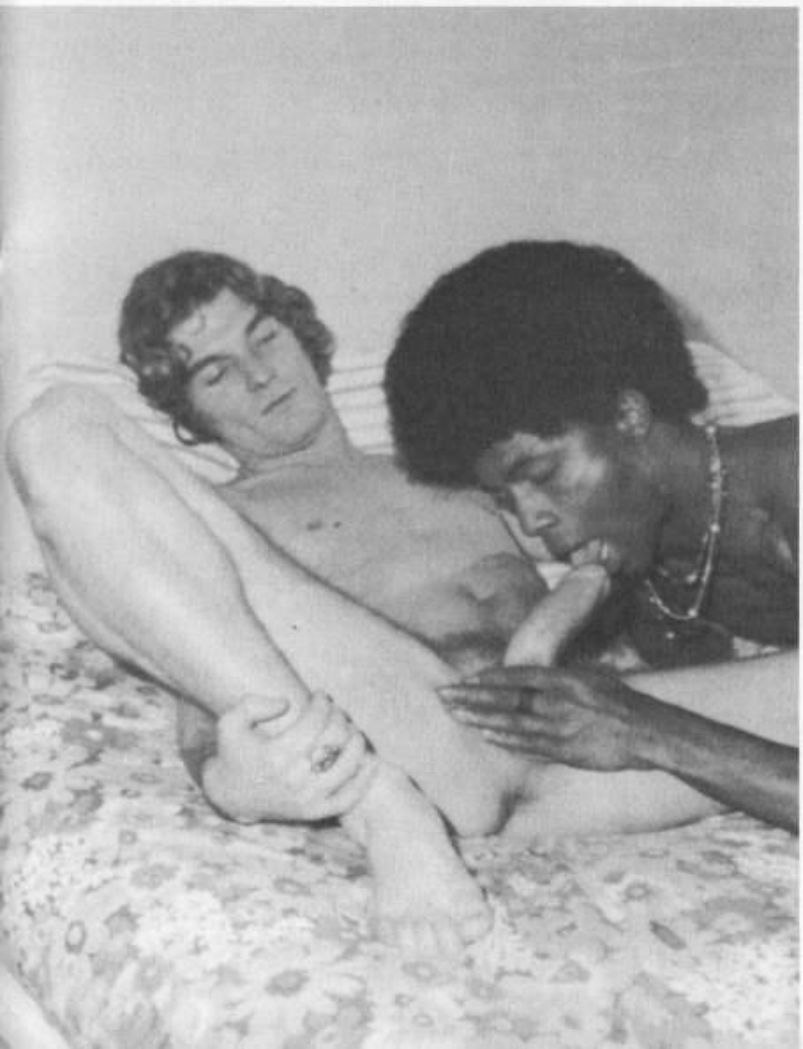
Dick locked his arms around the small of the guy's back, and they worked in unison, slowly but surely, never breaking the rhythm. The mailman let his head roll back drunkenly, and rolled his eyes,

as highly sensual fellows oftentimes will, and breathed very heavily. As Dick grew accustomed to that big dick up his ass he began thrusting more heavily also, and each time he came down it was like sliding down a greased-lightning bannister! The man began moaning as he approached the climax, and Dick redoubled his efforts, thrusting deeper and deeper and deeper each time, until the man threw his arms around Dick and held him tight against his pectorals as he jerked and threw a massive, long-winded load into that welcoming joy house. Dick pressed down hard over the man's sweaty, straining penis and onto his rock-hard thighs, and felt several more surges of hot come spill into his ass, again and again the head spitting and lurching in his ass, hitting his prostate, until finally, at the pinnacle they both finished shooting. The mailman exhaled heavily, let his whole frame slump down in the chair, letting his stomach and legs loosen completely, closed his eyes and let a happy, contented smile of nirvana flood his face.

As soon as they had both recovered, Dick raised himself off the fallen member (which was still big and fat), and they both cleaned up. Then finally the carrier picked up his bag, gave Dick an affectionate farewell pat on the derriere, and a little hug and kiss at the back of the neck, and took his leave. . . . Dick, exhausted, went to the shower, which revived him again. He began to wonder just how in hell he was going to get anything done at all today, or if so just how much. Or for that matter, any day. What a neighborhood, he grinned to himself; what a wonderful neighborhood. . . .

Lucky for him his work kept him at home where he could write and work on plans on his own time. That is, if there would be any time, with all these wild, wonderful people coming to see him. Well, there was the rest of the afternoon to work in, and if the house was to be straightened up, he had better get to work! Putting a towel around himself again, Dick went to work with a will, and for two hours he slaved over the furnishings, putting things away, until the place began to take shape. Then he saw a truck pull up to the curb in front of the house. It appeared to be a gardener's truck, and out stepped a rugged-looking Spanish individual, stripped to the waist, and with a fantastic chest beautifully covered with dark hair. He looked at the house, and at the lawn, and evidently decided that here might be another customer. Wiping the sweat

from his brow, he approached the front door, pulling on a levi jacket as he came. Dick looked once, then twice, at the enormous bulge in the loins of the man's levis, and at the superbly tanned chest being quickly covered, and grinned. He also rubbed his asshole and he also felt his prick begin to rise . . . Oh, well, thought Dick, there's always tomorrow, after the phone man, after the paperboy, after the milkman, after the gardener, after . . . after . . . after. And drawing his by now very tired little towel closely about him to show off the definite and alluring curve of his thighs and ass, he marched to the door, expecting more fun from his fine new and groovy neighborhood. . . .



Motorcycle Gang-Bang

Jim was standing beside the road, waiting for a ride back to the Naval base on Saturday night. He had gone to Laguna Beach but hadn't found any place to stay and so decided the best thing would be to return to San Diego. He had waited for about an hour — had refused two rides offered by obvious queers whom he knew would try to make him as soon as they got him in the car.

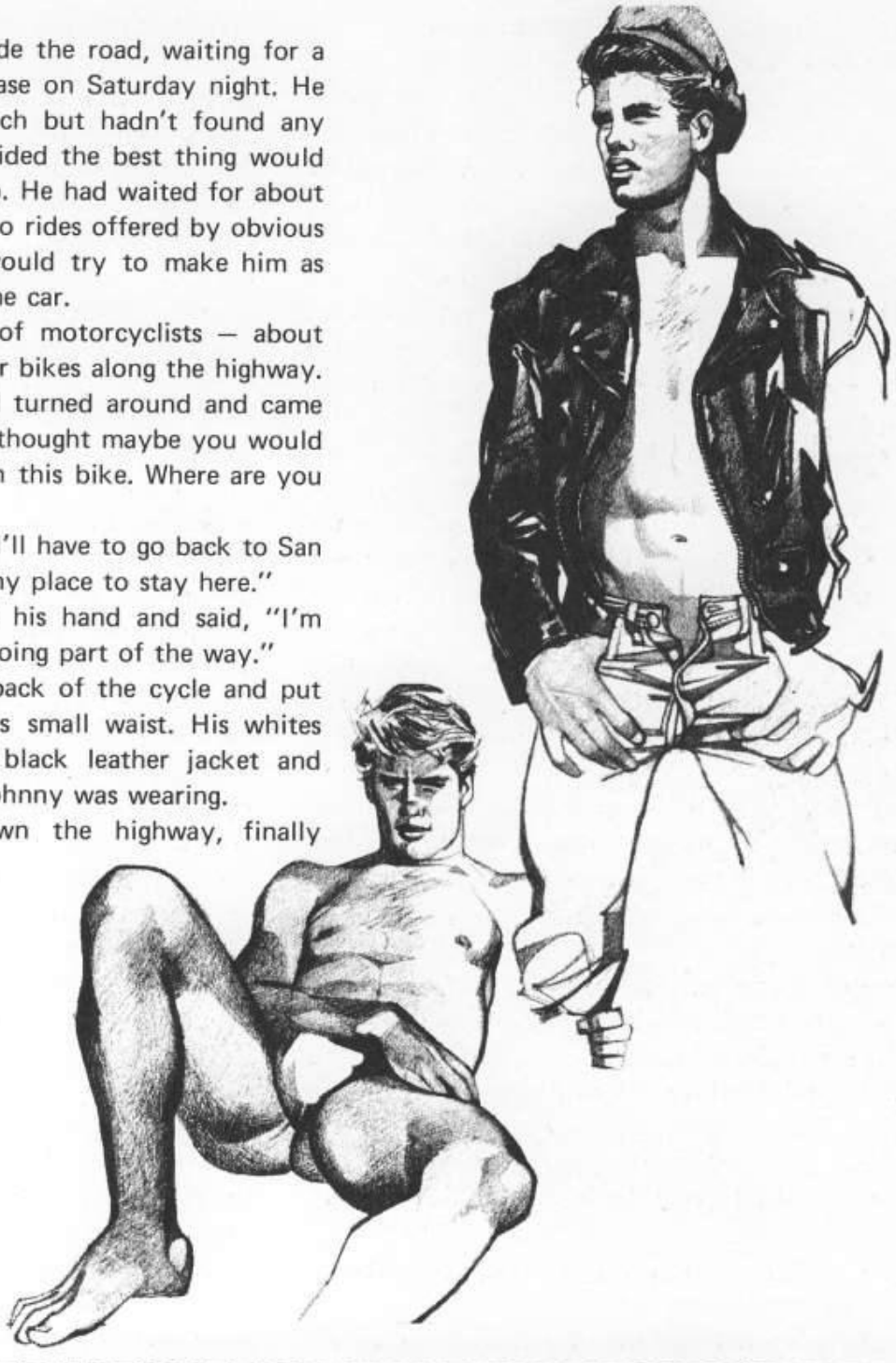
Along came a group of motorcyclists — about six of them — racing their bikes along the highway. One of them stopped and turned around and came back to Jim and said, "I thought maybe you would like a ride even if it is on this bike. Where are you going?"

Jim replied, "I guess I'll have to go back to San Diego as I couldn't find any place to stay here."

The cyclist stuck out his hand and said, "I'm Johnny. Come on, we're going part of the way."

Jim climbed on the back of the cycle and put his arms around Johnny's small waist. His whites made a contrast to the black leather jacket and black leather pants that Johnny was wearing.

They roared off down the highway, finally



catching up with the others. One of the other fellows had picked up a Marine who was riding on the back of that cycle. Down near La Jolla, Johnny stopped beside the road and said to Jim, "We have a cabin down on the beach where we are going. We have plenty of room. Would you like to come down there and stay tonight?" Jim agreed, as he was in no mood to go back to the base. The marine was being consulted also, and he seemed to agree. The cyclists turned off down a dirt road that ran to the bluff where they parked their motorcycles in a clump of trees. They got their saddlebags off and they all went down the trail to a cabin which was right on the beach, in a little isolated cover.

The cabin was just one large room with a lot of couches and beds around the walls. There was a large porch on the ocean side, overlooking the beach. The moon had come up and it was almost as bright as day on the beach.

The fellows all introduced themselves – Johnny was very lithe, lean and had a shock of curly black hair. Most of the other cyclists were rugged-looking guys and Jim, with his blond hair and his white uniform and Mike, the Marine in his suntans and short hair, were quite different looking.

One of the cyclists, Bob, said, "Let's build a big fire out on the beach and go out there until it's time to go to bed." They went out, gathered up driftwood and started a big fire. They carried down a couple of cases of beer and soon all of them had downed a couple of cans. A couple of the guys had stripped off their shirts or jackets and were sitting there naked from the waist up. Every one of them had black leather pants or levis, black boots, and wide black belts.

Finally, one of the cyclists, Ray, stood up and started to take off his shirt, then undid his belt and pulled his levis off his narrow hips and said, "I'm going swimming. Any of the rest of you fuckers coming in?"

One of the others, Joe, said, "I'm coming – and I mean into the water – nothing else, at least not yet." As he spoke he stood up and stripped also. When he pulled off his pants his cock was half hard and Ray said, "Well, you horny bastard, you'd better get in the water and cool that thing off."

"If you bend over, I'm going to shove it into you," replied Joe.

Jim turned to Johnny and asked, "Is it OK to go in here in the nude?"

Johnny assured him that it was, as there was no other cabin in the cove and the only trail down to it came right by their cabin. Jim watched Ray and Joe run and dive into the water and start to splash around. Jim decided a swim would feel good, so he stood up and started to strip off his uniform. As he stood there in the firelight and the moonlight, everyone around the campfire quit talking and watched him. He felt a little self-conscious, but there wasn't anything to do but keep up what he had started. When he was naked he turned to Johnny and said, "Are you coming in?" Johnny said that he would, so Jim just stood there while Johnny unzipped the black leather shirt he was wearing, kicked off the black boots, unzipped the tight leather trousers. He wasn't wearing anything but the shirt and trousers – no T-shirt, no shorts. Johnny had a line of dark hair across his chest and down his body to a cluster of black hair at his groin. His cock was a little hard and stood out from his body and then drooped down – it was uncircumsized and the head was clearly outlined under the foreskin.

When Johnny had stripped he and Jim walked down to the water together and walked right into it. Ray and Joe were out where the water covered their legs and up to their waists and they were standing facing each other, but as the other two came close to them, they moved apart. Johnny said something to them that Jim didn't understand. He moved near Ray and in the moonlit water he thought he saw Ray's cock sticking out hard from his body. He began to wonder – what had been going on?

All of them started riding breakers and they were all good and as soon as they would ride one in they would run back to catch the next one. Finally, they tired and began to get a little chilled and got out of the water. When they got back to the fire they found that everyone there had nearly stripped, except the Marine. One of the guys was wearing a wide black belt and black boots – nothing else. The other two cyclists were stark naked – Mike, the Marine, was lying there in his pants, having removed just his shirt.

The boys who had been in the water all dried off and Jim put his pants back on – but the three cyclists who had been in the water just put on their boots and lay there on the sand naked. Jim was a little surprised, but didn't say anything. There were several things he couldn't understand, one being how they could all lie around naked like that and seem perfectly natural.

They drank more beer and the conversation

turned to sex and soon they were telling their experiences — and as they talked about girls they had fucked (or wished they had fucked) — most of them got a roaring hard-on as the conversation got dirtier and dirtier. One of the guys told about the time that one of the members brought a girl down to the clubhouse and she took on all members. "Every one of them slid his rod into her at least once." Then Mike said, "Remember the time that the Marine someone brought down here took us all on, too?"

Jim was rather shocked at the nonchalant way in which they all discussed this incident, told how the Marine stripped right out on the porch in the sunlight and invited anyone to fuck him and how before they had finished, just about every member had sunk his salty cock into that ass and given the Marine a load of come.

While this was going on Jim was lying there, his own cock hard under his pants. Johnny reached over and ran his hand over the front of Jim's pants and said to him, "Gosh, Jim, you sure have a bone there." Jim pushed Johnny's hand away but laughed and replied, "Well, I don't seem to be the only one around here — look at yourself."

Johnny looked down at his own cock which was standing hard out from his body — clearly visible in the moonlight and firelight. Johnny's cock must have been 8 inches long, with a full, loose foreskin, and Jim could see the tip of the head which was red and glistening. Johnny kept running his hand over the end of his cock, pulling the foreskin back and forth, but not actually jacking off.

Jim was beginning to have his doubts about this crew. He began to feel uneasy for fear that he had gotten into something that he didn't want to be involved with, but he didn't quite know how to get out of it; however, he decided just to wait and see but not let anyone touch him if he could help it. Just about this time Johnny said, "Jim, will you come with me and we'll go up to the shack and get some more beer?" Jim agreed, glad to get away from the whole crew, still lying there — most of them naked, most of them showing hard pricks. They got up, Johnny walking up to the house still naked except for his boots and his black motorcycle cap which he had just put on. As they went into the house Jim thought he heard someone start to call his name. He stopped and listened, but could hear only the sound of the breakers and decided it must have been his imagination. He and Johnny stayed there just a minute, gathered up two cases of beer and some more cigarettes and started back to the beach.

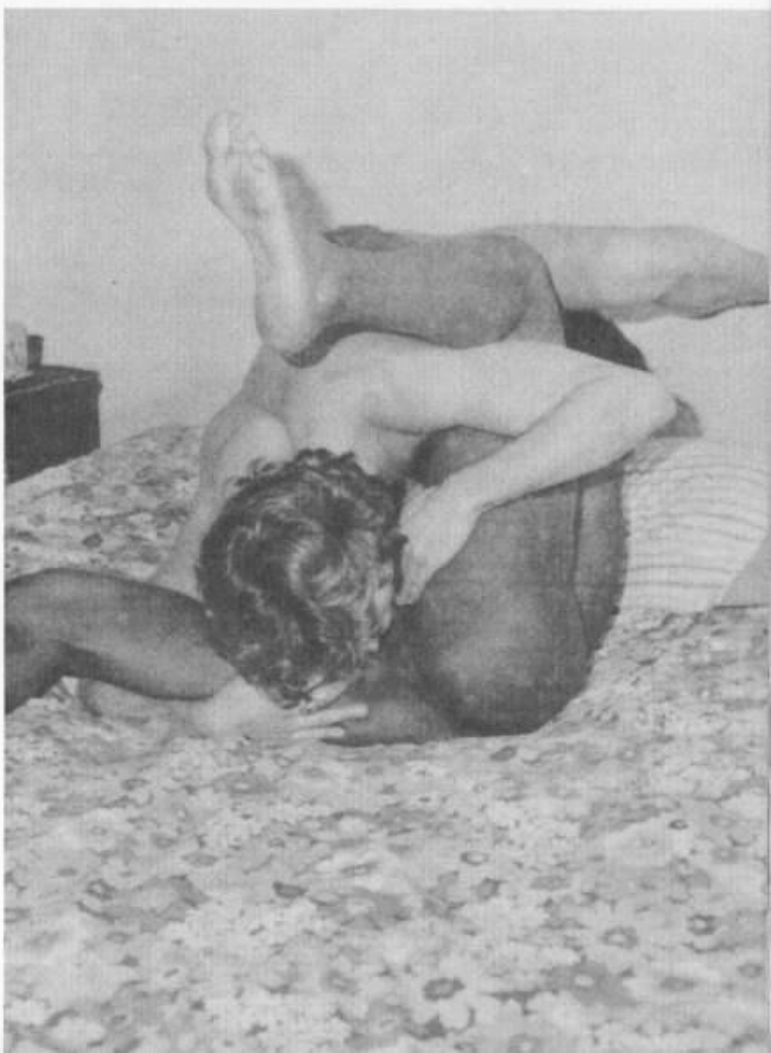
When they got back to the fire one of the cyclists was sitting on top of Mike, the Marine, holding his hands behind his back, while Ray was sitting on Mike's legs. Jim laughed and asked, "What's going on here, did the Marines try to take over the party?"

To Jim's horror, Mike turned his face around and Jim saw that he was gagged. Ray said, "This son-of-a-bitch didn't want to get fucked when we asked him while you were gone, so we just took over and are going to do it whether he likes it or not."

"Why, you dirty bastards . . ." was all that Jim got out before he was hit from two sides by Johnny and Joe. He hit the sand and in only a minute found himself with his hands tied behind his back and his legs tied at the ankles. He tried to yell, only to very rapidly have a gag placed over his mouth. It was clear to him now what the cry he had heard from the shack was. It was Mike, calling for help, when the five who were with him attacked him during Jim's absence.

Jim struggled but to no avail. The cords bit his wrists and his ankles; he had trouble breathing with the gag over his mouth. Finally he lay still and when he did, four of the fellows picked him up and carried him up to the shack. They stood him on his feet and undid his hands, then raised them over his head and retied them. Then they pulled the rope through a pulley which they attached to a large screw-eye fastened to the top of the rafters. They pulled the rope until Jim's arms were stretched above his head and he had to stand almost on his toes to relieve the pressure on his arms. One of the gang came over and took a knife and slit Jim's sailor whites at either side and then took hold of them and ripped them from top to bottom. The pieces dropped to the floor and Jim stood there stark naked.

They left him and returned to the beach and soon came back carrying Mike into the shack. They moved one of the big beds into the center of the room and they tied Mike, spread-eagled, on the bed, his hands and feet both securely fastened to the four legs. They removed the gags from both of their captives as there was no possibility of anyone



hearing them if they should call out. The cabin was isolated, there was no help near, there was nothing the two could do to defend themselves against these sadists.

Two of the gang were wearing their leather jackets, one had on just a wide leather belt, all were naked from the waist down except for their black motorcycle boots. Everyone had a hard-on . . . they were obviously aroused by having these two handsome, rugged servicemen at their mercy.

They cut cards to see who would direct the show against Mike first. The one they called Phil was the winner. He stood there over Mike and ran his hands up Mike's legs, ran his fingers between the firm buttocks which were showing like two round, firm melons. Talking to Mike, Phil said, "Have you ever been fucked in the ass?"

Mike shook his head negatively, but didn't say a thing. Jim could see him tightening up his ass — his cheeks became even firmer and harder as he compressed them together. Phil paid no attention and went to a cabinet and got out a big jar of vaseline. He put some on his finger and slowly pressed the finger against the asshole. He gradually inserted it until it was all the way in. He pulled it part way out and then pressed it back in again.

Now Phil smeared some of the grease on his cock, running his hand up and down the length of it. His cock was very hard, about 7 inches long, not too large around, but had a big head on it. He got on the bed, kneeling with his knees inside of Mike's spread legs. He reached forward and with his hands pulled the cheeks of Mike's ass apart and then leaned forward, guiding the head toward the opening. He pressed it lightly, but couldn't get in, so he pressed harder and as the head forced open the rim of the asshole, Mike let out a moan of pain. Phil said, "Look, you son-of-a-bitch, I'm going to get this thing in there, and if you relax it won't hurt you, but if you don't it is going to rip you open."

He pulled the hard cock out, greased it up again and leaned forward. Mike apparently relaxed a little, as the head of the cock went in without too much effort on Phil's part. He stopped for a few seconds and then leaned forward again, forcing more of the cock into the Marine. Jim watched in horror as inch after inch went in, until Phil lay pressed against the hard buttocks, the cock fully buried. Mike was moaning with pain and swearing softly as Phil began his ride. He pulled the prick out a little and then pressed it gently in. As he kept it up he kept pulling more and more of the prick out at each stroke, then pressing it in to the fullest. As he went on he went faster and faster, and finally he was slamming down on the naked ass, his balls flapping as he struck bottom. He then gave a cry of exhaltation as he buried the pole all the way in. Jim could see his ass convulse and knew that the cock was pumping gobs of heavy white come into the ass where it was buried.

When all movement ceased, Phil pulled out, and his cock was dripping with come. It wasn't fully hard, but neither was it completely soft. He shook it a couple of times to get the come off of it and then turned to his buddies and said, "Now we will cut the cards again and the five of you will see who comes next . . . you can each have him in succession."

They cut cards and Johnny was the highest, followed by Joe, Red, Ray, and last was the handsome young Mexican boy, Francisco. Joe wasted no time and mounted on just as Phil had done and pressed his ready, rampant prick into the sloppy hole. He was so hot from what he had just watched that it didn't take him more than a minute until he shot his wad. When he pulled his cock out of the hole, it was even messier than Phil's had been, more come dripping from it. Joe followed, and in a moment there was another load in that hot ass. Joe pulled his cock out and it was still hard. Red, who was the one dressed in boots and leather belt, had Mike untied and turned over on his back. Then his hands were retied to the bed, then his legs pulled up and back and fastened to the head of the bed also. That left the ass completely exposed, the crack wet and slippery from the come that had run down from the two loads already deposited there. Red stood on the bed, leaned over the open ass and shoved his cock all the way in with one stroke. He really rammed and each time he went all the way down Mike's body would compress on his shoulders and neck. Mike was swearing all the time now, but the interesting thing was that he had a half hard-on while this was going on. Johnny commented on this and Ray said, "I'm going to find out just how much this guy likes this fucking. It looks to me as if he is a typical Marine."

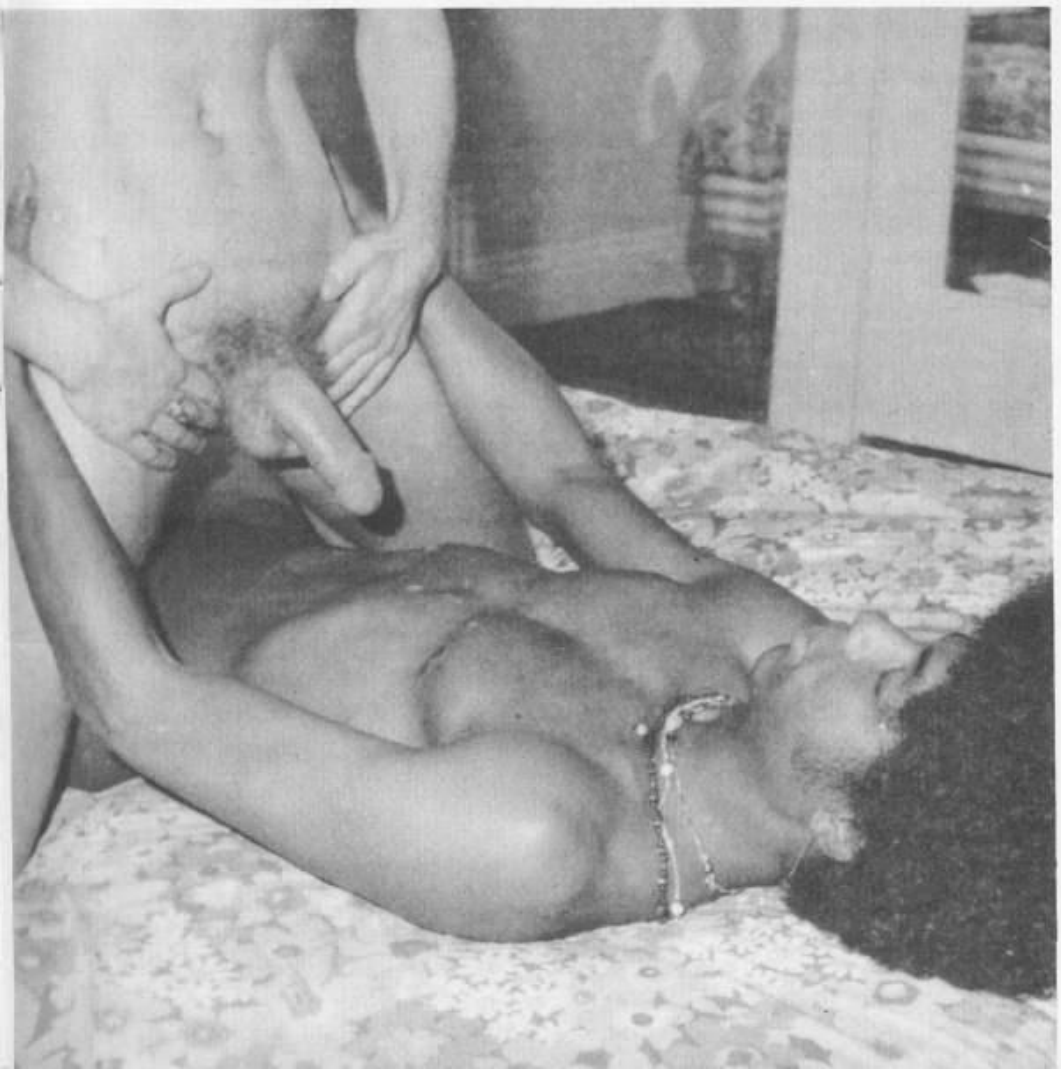
When it was Ray's turn he left Mike untied at the feet, and then had the feet pulled up by a rope through another pulley until they were straight in the air and Mike was lying just on his shoulders. His cock was still hard and it was aimed right at his face. Francisco stood on the bed and pressed his

pole into the abused ass. As he hit bottom, from this reverse angle, the pole on Mike jumped from the inner massaging it was getting. Francisco took hold of Mike's naked hips and pulled him back and forth, driving his own cock in and out as Mike's body almost swung from the feet. Francisco kept this up and watched what was going on in a full-length mirror on the wall. He could see Mike's cock throbbing as he became more and more aroused. Finally, Francisco pulled Mike hard against him, held him with one hand as he pumped from his own hard cock, and with the other hand took hold of Mike's prick and ran his hand over it about two times until it started to shoot. It pumped spurt after spurt of warm, white, creamy come. Francisco kept it aimed at Mike's face and it went all over him, in his eyes, in the blond hair, all over the face and all over the neck and chest.

Finally Francisco pulled out and they released Mike's feet and let him fall on the bed. They weren't through with him, however. They made Mike lie on the bed and they kept playing with his cock, running their hands over the sensitive head of it, playing with his balls, probing his messy ass with their fingers, running their hands over Mike's tits.

Finally Joe got up on the bed and knelt over Mike's face and forced his big cock into Mike's mouth. Mike reached up with his hand to prevent its going in too far, but someone else pulled Mike's hand away and Mike had to just lie there while Joe rammed his cock in and out of his mouth. All this time the playing was still going on with Mike's cock and they managed to keep it hard.

Ray went and got a big jar of vaseline and



smeared some of it all over Mike's lower body – on the cock, in the pubic hair, all around his groin. Then Ray guided Mike's hand to his own cock and told him to start playing with it. Mike did as he was directed. He ran his fist up and down the length of the pole and before long the onlookers could see he was getting pretty hot. All this time Joe was shoving his cock in and out of the mouth. Then he gave a shove and buried it all the way in and they could all tell that Joe was coming and sending a hot stream down the throat of the Marine.

As this was going on Mike quit working on his own cock and his hand came up again to try to push Joe away, but someone grabbed Mike's hands and Joe just left his still-throbbing cock as far down Mike's throat as he could. Ray meanwhile was playing with Mike's cock, running his hands slowly and sensuously over the head of the prick, keeping it hard and ready.

Joe finally pulled out, shook off his dripping cock right into Mike's face. Mike closed his eyes and mouth, but he got a load of come on his cheeks and chin. As soon as Joe got off from over Mike's head, his place was taken by Francisco. This handsome, brown-skinned boy really had a beautiful body and his cock was hard and ready but he didn't put his cock into Mike's throat. He told Mike that he wanted to jack him off, using his right hand, and to jack himself off using his left. Francisco smeared his own cock with vaseline and then placed Mike's hand on the cock. Mike began to make the movements on the two pricks – Francisco's and his own. His movements were together and as he ran his hand over the length of Francisco's, he would match it with the movement on his own.

Francisco directed Mike to tell him when he was ready, and so Mike began in earnest. Finally, it was obvious that Mike was almost ready and he gasped, "I'm going to come." No sooner had he spoken than a spurt came out of his own cock and Francisco let go with a load aimed right at Mike's face. The two cocks throbbed, continuing to shoot. They didn't allow Mike any time to rest – they were still hot even though they had come many times. They had to save room for Jim. Jim watched knowing that he would be next, shaking with fear and revulsion at what he had seen and what might lie ahead for him.

Mike's hand were untied and he was led over to the side of the room. His wrists were tied together and a rope pulled up and over the beam and he was suspended as Jim was. They stood there, their bodies almost touching. Jim could see the white come oozing out of Mike's ass from the six loads that had been pumped into him.

Mike said, "Please let me go to the head, I'm so full of this damn stuff that I can't hold it in."

"Fuck you, bastard." said Red. "Just let it run out. We'll let you clean it up later on." Then they turned to Jim. He watched as they looked him over – his broad chest, his blond hair, his narrow hips, his prick hanging limply between his legs. Ray came over and took hold of Jim's cock and pulled on it and said, "Why isn't this hard? Aren't you excited at what you have just seen? Aren't you anxious to get in on the party?"

Jim shook his head but didn't answer. His heart was beating fast, but he tried to think of some way to get away from this intolerable situation, but they had had experiences before – they were in complete control. He knew he couldn't get away, and even if he did, what would he use for clothing. They had ripped his pants off, his jumper was still down on the sand. There wasn't a pair of pants in the cabin that he could see. He couldn't run for the highway stark naked.

There wasn't time for more thought, as they came over and untied his hands and led him to the bed where Mike had just been so badly abused. They made him lie down on his back across the bed and leave his head hanging over the side. They tied his hands and feet securely, the hands stretched out over his head, the rope passed under the bed and tied securely to his feet. There was no way for him to move.

Johnny came up to him, his big cock sticking out from his body, the head of it red and glistening, his heavy balls swaying back and forth as he came toward Jim. Johnny said, "Now you are going to have your choice of two alternatives. We want you to suck on each of our cocks for as long as we wish. I doubt that any of us will come, but we might just shoot a load into your tonsils."

Jim waited to hear the second alternative. Johnny said, "Well, are you going to do it?" Jim swore at him, "You dirty, perverted, sex-crazy queer. I'll not suck your cock or any other cock around here." He clamped his mouth shut and closed his eyes and shook his head from side to side. Johnny slapped Jim across the face and said, "Open your eyes and don't let me hear you talking like that any more. Since you don't want the first choice we gave you, then I guess you want the second. All you have to do is, after we untie you,

to crawl over there to Mike, start at his feet and lick them off, then continue up his legs, licking off all that come that has run down there. Finally, when you get all the way up you just pucker up your mouth and suck all the come out that is still there in his asshole."

Jim almost gagged at the thought. This was more horrible than the other. Johnny reached over and started to untie Jim's hands and Jim finally said, "OK, you win. I'll suck your pricks, but please – please don't come."

The other five had been standing around listening, and all of them had hard-ons – one of them growled, "Aw, hell, let's get at this bastard. We'll show him he doesn't have anything to say about anything."

Johnny then moved up to the edge of the bed, bent his knees slightly, depressed the head of his cock and pushed it into Jim's mouth. First the head and then part of the shaft went in. Jim thought he would choke, but he managed to spread open his throat and let it slide in without gagging him. Johnny started moving his hips back and forth and the hard cock slid in and out of the mouth. Jim didn't do anything but open his mouth as wide as possible and let Johnny slide it in and out. Johnny gave one hard lunge and Jim felt the head of it hit the back of his throat and he started to gag. Johnny pulled the cock out and said, "Well, that will do for a starter. I don't want to come yet. Who wants to warm up in that mouth?"

Every one of the other five put his cock into Jim's open mouth and several of them made him gag as Johnny had done. When Francisco, the handsome Mexican, put his in he was so hot that Jim felt the cock throb in his mouth. Francisco pushed it all the way into Jim's throat and instantly there was a big spurt of warm, slippery stuff running down his throat. He gagged, but the cock was still in there tight and nothing could come up, so he swallowed a couple of times and soon realized that the whole load of come had gone into his stomach. He thought he would be sick, but it wasn't as bad as he had expected. Francisco pulled it out and said to Mike, "Did you see that cocksucker take my load? I'll bet he'll learn to love it if we just give him enough of it to drink."

When each of them had his turn, they released Jim, and he thought that this would be all. But he was mistaken. He found, to his horror, that they had other ideas to use on him. They untied him from his position, then tied him with his body on his side, his arms and legs free, but a rope passing over and around his body to keep him on the bed. Red kicked off his boots and got on the bed and lay facing Jim's back. Jim felt a probing between his buttocks and knew that he was in for a fucking if he couldn't stop them some way. "Please, don't do that," he said, "I haven't ever had it done and you'll rip me open."

"Oh, shut up," replied Red. "You're going to get screwed and we won't stop until we've had all we want. So quit being a baby." With that he forced his greasy finger into Jim's asshole and rubbed the finger around and around, trying to loosen up the opening. Jim lay there tense and terribly afraid. Red removed the finger, leaned forward and Jim felt the big, hard cock against the rim of his ass. He tensed to prevent its entry, but the pressure continued and soon the head was forced in. The pain was intense – Jim moaned and then let out a sharp cry as he felt he'd been split open and a red-hot poker forced up there. Red didn't stop, but slowly inserted inch after inch, the pain steadily mounting. Finally he gave a little shove and pressed tight against Jim's ass. Jim was screaming with pain and begging Red to withdraw, but Red just held the hard cock in full length. Finally, the pain began to ebb a little and Jim relaxed a little and soon he found that the pole up there actually felt good. Red began to move a little, raising and lowering his hips, pulling a part of the cock out with each movement.

Red now rolled on his side, keeping the cock still imbedded. Ray climbed on the bed with his boots still on. He lay near Jim's feet and pulled Jim's cock into his mouth. It was soft, but he began to suck and it wasn't long until it began to respond. As Red would press forward against Jim's ass, his groin would go forward, driving the cock farther down Ray's throat. Jim was beginning to get very hot as he was massaged from within and without. Then he looked up to see Johnny with his groin in Jim's face – his cock hard, sticking out from the black hair at his groin. He pulled Jim's head toward him until the cock head touched Jim's lips. The pressure continued and soon Jim opened his mouth and pulled a little on the cock as it slid into his throat. Now they all began to move in unison – Jim's ass was being banged by Red, his cock was being sucked by Ray, and Johnny was forcing his

own cock down Jim's throat. Every opening of his body was being massaged or treated. Now the others got into the act. One took hold of Jim's tits and began to squeeze, another put his finger in Jim's ear and the last started sucking on Jim's toes.

This was all too much — Jim began to tense his body as he felt the juices rising inside him and forcing their way through his body, finally into the rigid dick, and then he exploded. White come shot out of his prick into the throat where Ray was sucking the sensitive head. This was enough to make Jim tense his ass and he felt the pole up there start to expand and contract and something warm washed out his ass. At the same instant the tool in his own throat began to pump and Jim felt the hot stuff hit his tonsils. All the cocks kept pumping and stayed hard — but Jim found that this wasn't all. The other three had moved around to the side of the bed and were running their hands up and down their own hard cocks and soon one, two, three loads of come shot out and went all over Jim's body. He dripped from every part of his body. There was come in his face, in his hair, all over his chest, his arms, his groin and his legs.

Finally they pulled apart and Jim felt blessed relief as Red's pole came out of his ass with a sucking sound. He felt the come drip out and onto his balls. Jim lay exhausted on the bed while two of the gang went over to Mike and untied his hands from the pulley rope, then tied them behind his back. Mike started to balk at being made to come over to the bed, but one of the fellows took off his wide black belt and two swipes at Mike's naked ass convinced him that he had to do whatever they wanted. They made him kneel on the bed, lean down, start to lick up all the come he could from Jim's body. His tongue went over Jim's face, down over his chest, under his arms, in his pubic hair, even all over his cock. Then they turned Jim on his face and Mike was forced to lick up the come which was around Jim's asshole, also that which had run down or been shot on his legs and feet.

The gang seemed to have about run out of ideas — and desires — so they took Mike and Jim and tied them together on the bed, each with the cock of the other in his mouth. Before they tied them up one of the guys took his polaroid camera and got some shots of them with the cocks in each other's mouths. Johnny told them that they had also gotten pictures of Jim as he was being done three ways and also when he was sucking the cocks of all six.

After the pictures were taken, they were strapped together with wide belts, the face of one imbedded in the groin and pubic hair of the other. Neither had a hard-on at the time, but Jim found that he couldn't keep his tongue out of contact with Mike's cock and the damn thing got harder and harder — forcing itself into Jim's throat. He tried to pull away and off of it, but it was impossible because they were bound so tightly. The head was down his throat; every breath he took made a contact with some section of the sensitive penis; finally it became too much for Mike and the cock started to throb, and another load went down Jim's unwilling throat.

Now the cock softened and Jim thought he might be able to get some sleep. He lay there and thought about all that had happened to him and remembering that he had sucked on the six cocks and had had Francisco's load of come down his throat, that Johnny had come there, and now Mike, so this made three times he had swallowed the warm, sweet-tasting stuff. Also, he had had a load of it up his ass, had received three loads on his body. As he thought about it, he found that his own cock was swelling, pressing the sensitive head, and soon the pressure had built up until Jim started to force it into Mike's mouth. Mike gagged as he took the hard, throbbing tool, and soon Jim felt the juice building up impossible pressure, until he began to shoot. Mike gagged on the load and that made Jim come even more, as the gagging motion pressed the throat tightly around the head and shaft of the prong. When Jim finally quit shooting his cock gradually softeened. He ached in every muscle of his body but he couldn't move.

It was a hell of a night — neither Mike nor Jim slept very well, but along toward morning they finally dropped off and got a couple of hours of sleep.

They were awakened by the sounds the six made as they got up. They untied the two and let them stretch their muscles. They even let them go down to the beach and get a swim to clean up. Jim thought that by now they would have satisfied their sadistic captors, but as soon as they got out of the water and stood on the warm sand in the morning sun, they were directed to lie down on the sand on their backs.

Each of the six then walked up to them and took their cocks itheir hands and started to piss on one of the two. Three of them stood on one side and aimed at Jim and the other three aimed at

Mike's body. The warm yellow streams started to splatter on the bodies and some of it would bounce off one and onto the other. Before they had finished, Jim and Mike were absolutely covered with the stuff. The six finally finished, shook off their cocks, made the boys lie there a few minutes in the sun, then finally let them get up and go in the water again.

When the two boys got out of the water they were forced to lie down on the sand again. Cords were tied around their wrists and their ankles, and they were spread out on their backs, their extremities securely fastened to heavy stakes driven in the sand. The sun beat down on their naked bodies. Jim could feel it pouring onto his sensitive cock which lay between his legs. They were left like this for over an hour and during that time Jim felt his cock start to harden and he spoke to Mike. "Damn it, my prick is getting hard and I'm afraid they will come back and see it and start working on us again." Mike replied that his was hard too, and the more they tried to control their cocks the harder they got.

The six captors came back to the beach and when they saw the two servicemen lying there with hard-ons, they each took turns kneeling and sucking. It actually felt good to Jim to have those warm, moist mouths covering his cock as he had begun to fear that it would be badly sunburned. Jim found his cock getting even harder and harder and he began to wish that they would bring him off again. However, they seemed to sense this and they just kept sucking, playing with their slippery hands, fondling the balls, running their fingers into Jim's ass, pinching his tits – on and on – keeping his cock aroused and hard but never quite bringing him off.

Finally they untied the two of them and led them back up to the cabin. When they walked into the room, Jim saw that the room had a whole panel of pictures. He was allowed to walk over to them and he found, to his horror, that they were all of him and Mike. The pictures showed them sucking on each other's cocks, sucking on the cocks of the motorcyclists, being fucked by the six. They were all cleverly done and none of them showed the faces of the captors, nor the bonds of the captives. Anyone looking at the pictures would assume that Jim and Mike had been doing all of them of their own free will.

Jim and Mike were tied face to face with their hands over their heads, their bodies facing each other. They had finally lost their hard-ons from looking at the pictures of themselves. They were securely tied and Johnny spoke for the other five, "You guys have seen these pictures and you can see that they would lead anyone to believe that you did all of these things of your own free will. You are both servicemen and you are going to have to do exactly what we will tell you to do next week or we will just mail these to the military authorities and let them take action against you."

Jim felt his stomach turn over at the thought. Imagine what it would do to his Navy career if these pictures got into the hands of his company commander. Johnny continued, "So, I think you both realize that you will have to do what we want and that you won't dare disobey as we wouldn't hesitate to put these in the mail. Now, here is what we expect you to do. Each of you is to go back to his base this afternoon, when we have finished with you. You are to decide on one of your buddies whom, you feel sure, has never done anything like this before. You are to invite them to come to the cabin with you next Saturday, telling them nothing of what went on here this weekend. You will tell them that you know some guys and they are going to have some women here and you want to let them get in on the fun. The guys you choose must have these qualifications: They must be handsome, they must be young, they must not be gay, they must have cocks at least 8 inches long, they must have good bodies. If you don't fulfill all the specifications, those pictures will be all ready to send."